

Quitter

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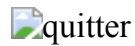
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Quitter

by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

Nigel hasn't seen his husband in months but to be able to travel to StationX he needs to quit the habit of a lifetime.



Nigel's chest was so tight he could barely breathe. The things he did for love!

His fingers dug into the seat's armrest, his knuckles turning white as the shuttle shook. He thought he had been prepared and knew what to expect, but now he realised there was no real preparation for this no matter what instructional videos they showed you. Being shot off into space wasn't like anything anyone could describe, it had to be experienced.

And now Nigel was experiencing it on his way to StationX to see his husband for the first time in four long fucking months.

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"Raki," Lieutenant Jackson spoke up as he entered the lab, knowing that Adam preferred people to announce themselves so he was aware of them. Adam looked up, removing his magnifying lenses to be able to see the approaching flight officer. "There's something for you down in docking."

Adam frowned, "I'm not expecting anything."

Jackson smiled and shrugged and walked back out of the lab.

When StationX had first opened up jobs to non-astronauts on a six month rotation, civilian jobs in space, Nigel had pushed him to apply. And now he was four months into his rotation working in the robotics lab on some of the zero-g equipment that would eventually be tested on the moon and then finally be on the first mission to Mars. Adam could barely express the honour he felt.

He had thought his life was perfect until this opportunity, and now it was beyond anything he could have ever imagined. His life with Nigel had been more than he had ever thought possible and now his husband was the only thing missing from this place.

That thought, one that was on his mind many times a day, was the only thing that marred this experience.

"Oh!" Adam perked up, perhaps Nigel had sent a package? He wasn't expecting any more parts from Earth so maybe that was it? Nigel had been sending one a month, full of Adam's favourite snacks and love letters. And some lust letters... And he had acquired a polaroid camera and sent a few creative images to express his love.

Adam hadn't expected another one so soon, but the thought of having that love from home made him giddy.

He took off the magnifying glasses and set them down on the workbench before heading to the coat pegs at the back of the room and hanging his lab coat.

Adam preferred to work to a routine but when it came to Nigel he often found that things didn't work out that way. Despite still having a few tests he had intended to get finished today, he decided to go collect his package and go back to his quarters to soak in the love and try not to pine quite so hard for his earthbound husband.

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When they docked Nigel had thrown up. Thankfully he'd made it to the bathroom but his legs still felt like jelly. At least the crew reassured him that this happened a lot, even with the professionals. He might have gone through the civilian crew crash course, but spinning around in a zero-g ball still hadn't prepared him for this. It was like being at sea whilst drunk and suffering from vertigo. It didn't help that he was craving nicotine on top of that.

Nigel splashed some water on his face, taking his time to refresh and finding his space legs before he made his way off of the shuttle and through docking with the rest of the civilians. Only five of them, though he knew sometimes there might be more or less from the very detailed letters that Adam had sent.

He had only talked to one of them, a woman who had been through training with him and was also going up to do physical labour. They would be moving some of the equipment that was to be tested on the moon that they couldn't easily use machinery to move for one reason or another. This was the benefit of allowing grunts into space.

The three others on this trip, if he had to guess, had paid their way on. They were essentially tourists, which was one of the ways they were able to fund all this, so Nigel couldn't exactly complain.

They stood in line being registered onboard and given details of where their quarters would be and when and where to go for their first shift. They'd be given a week to acclimatise and then have to take a physical and be given the okay by the doctor before being put to work. Nigel was looking forward to spending as much of the week as possible with Adam.

Not that his husband was aware.

It had taken months to get this far and he had expected at every turn that it wouldn't happen. He had barely gotten his own hopes up so he didn't plan to get Adam's up either. The news that he had been accepted had come when Adam told him he had been asked to come back for another six month rotation after a two month break back on Earth.

He had encouraged Adam to go for it, never once letting slip his plan for their rotations to overlap.

And now all he wanted was a fucking cigarette.

He'd had to quit to do this and he knew it would be worth it the moment he saw Adam. That would finally distract him from the itching of his fingers and the strange feeling that he was lacking something.

“Nigel?” His name came out as a soft gasp and Nigel turned to see Adam there in the docking area, wide-eyed and smiling. “How...”

“Fuck, gorgeous!” Nigel moved out of line and stalked across the short distance, pulling Adam into his arms and kissing him soundly.

There were a few light chuckles and a few awws from behind them that barely registered.

“Ibanescu.”

Nigel turned as his name was called and realised that he was now the last of them to register. Adam let out a light laugh and pushed Nigel towards the man who stood grinning at them from behind his little desk.

“I guess we should get you all set so we can release you onto the station,” The man chuckled.

“Don’t worry if they’re still turning over my room, I’ve already found another place to bunk,” Nigel winked and the man’s chuckle became a hearty laugh.

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Adam was slightly surprised when they got to his quarters and Nigel didn’t immediately pin him to the nearest flat surface.

As the door slid closed behind them he turned to look at his husband, curious, and found him leaning against the door and just watching him.

“Nigel?”

“Fuck gorgeous, let me look at you.” Nigel gazed at him adoringly, “I’ve missed you so much.”

Adam let out a whimper from his chest, caught like a deer in the headlights as his husband gave him a look that made him breathless.

“I’ve missed you,” Adam managed to get out, followed quickly by a gasp as Nigel suddenly closed the space between them and took him in his arms. Adam didn’t even consider protesting as Nigel kissed him breathless.

“Fuck, wanna feel you,” Nigel growled. It felt like his hands were everywhere, pulling Adam close, gripping the back of his shirt, sliding down to his ass. “Can I fuck your thighs?” Nigel sounded desperate as he began to rut their crotches together.

Adam whimpered. He felt the same desperate need that Nigel did. No time for anything other than a quick release.

“Y-yeah,” Adam gasped and nodded vehemently.

They were kissing again, Nigel hungrily pulling at Adam’s clothes as he backed him to the bunk. By the time his knees hit the bed and he fell backwards, Nigel had already worked

Adam's shirt off and had his pants around his thighs.

Adam pushed Nigel back, enough to get his pants all the way down as he crawled backwards on the bunk, up to the pillows.

"Mmm, gorgeous," Nigel murmured as he advanced again, opening his own pants and releasing his hard cock.

Adam was shaking when Nigel settled over him. Months of pent up need to feel his husband's flesh against his own was almost too overwhelming. But then Nigel was between his thighs, and he pushed them together for more friction.

The sensation of the hard length thrusting between his thighs, had Adam's cock leaking. He began to stroke himself as much as he could manage with their bodies pressed together and Nigel pumping his hips against him.

"Missed you," Nigel muttered next to his ear, "gonna make such a mess." Nigel chuckled and began to move faster, harder.

"Inside..." Adam groaned. "Please..."

"Fuck, darling..." Nigel groaned, continuing to snap his hips until there was barely a rhythm any more. Until finally, his balls drew up and he could feel his climax about to shake him apart.

With a grunt he pushed Adam's thighs apart, pumping his cock roughly at the sight.

Adam groaned and spread his thighs, lifting his hips as he started to jerk himself off all the more.

The expression on Nigel's face was unmistakably that which he wore when he was about the climax, and it made Adam gasp. Not least in anticipation of what was about to come.

A moment later he felt the blunt head of Nigel's cock press against his ass, prodding at his hole. He sucked in a sharp breath as Nigel pushed forward just enough to get his tip into Adam's tight hole whilst he continued to jerk the rest of his cock.

Nigel let out a long, low cry as he shuddered and started to spill his seed inside Adam.

Adam's own climax hit at the sensation of it, his hole tightening around as much of Nigel's cockhead as he could get in. He groaned and went lax, completely pliant under Nigel, his come splattering his stomach and Nigel's already leaking out around his slowly softening cock.

"Fuck," Nigel growled, looking hungrily at Adam and then leaning over to press their foreheads together. "You mean fucking everything to me."

*

Adam woke to the strange repetitive sound that took a moment for him to focus in on and decipher. He blinked his eyes open and noticed the light coming from the bathroom where the door wasn't quite closed, Nigel no longer next to him.

"Nigel?" Adam said just above a whisper, but clearly loud enough for the sound to stop.

When there was no further response, Adam slid from the bunk and padded across the floor to the bathroom. He knocked gently before easing the door across unsure what he might find inside.

"Nigel?" He asked again as his husband sat on the closed toilet seat, his foot tapping on the floor and a slight sheen over his forehead. Although quieter now, it was clearly the tapping foot that had woken him. "Do you feel unwell?"

Nigel looked up at him with a grimace that Adam had never really seen before. It was an expression that he couldn't quite read and didn't sit well on the face of the only person in the universe who he could usually understand more than anyone.

"What is it?" The concern was almost more than he could bear.

"It's the fucking love. I'd do anything. Anything for you." Nigel murmured, rubbing his hands over his face.

"I know," Adam replied, kneeling in front of Nigel and taking his hands.

"You're fucking worth it," Nigel's face broke into a pained grin. "I don't need the fucking cigarettes."

"Oh!" Adam understood immediately, of course Nigel would have had to give up smoking in order to come up to the station. He would have had to quit before training, but knowing Nigel he had likely managed to keep smoking up until he arrived for the final training and the launch.

"How can I make it better?" Adam asked, resisting the urge to wring his hands.

"You make it better by existing," Nigel replied, softly. He pulled Adam up into a chaste kiss and pressed their foreheads together.

"I meant something more practical," Adam clarified, at which Nigel huffed a laugh.

"I have nicotine patches in my bag," Nigel grumbled.

Adam stroked and then squeezed Nigel's thigh before rising and going back to the main quarters. He had just started rifling through Nigel's bag when Nigel came up behind him and slipped his hands around his waist, burying his face in the crook of Adam's neck.

"You're too good to me," Nigel murmured, his breath hot on Adam's neck.

Adam smiled and shook his head, "I'm just selfish and want you here with me. I'm glad you're here and I'm so... It means a lot that you've come here--"

“How can I ever stay away from you?” Nigel turned Adam in his arms just as Adam found the packet of patches, causing them to be dropped promptly to the floor.

“I know this must be hard for you. I’ve read that the abrupt cessation of substance dependence can result in a deeply unpleasant experience and-” Adam stopped himself, realising that reeling off the statistics on the limited success many people had with quitting smoking with no assistance would not be helpful.

Nigel sighed and looked down at him, cupping his face in both hands, “I can quit anything as long as I don’t have to quit you,” Nigel avowed.

The words made Adam smile. Despite his appearance, Nigel was soft and deeply romantic, sometimes obsessively so, and though Adam didn’t find words like this came naturally to him, he loved hearing them from Nigel.

Adam leaned up, about to press his lips to Nigel’s when Nigel abruptly pulled back, looking a little pained and clammy again.

“But right now, I need some fucking nicotine,” Nigel growled, bending over and snatching up the packet that had fallen. He wrestled with it a moment in shaking hands before Adam took it from him and pulled out a patch.

It took a minute but finally the patch was on Nigel, not that any immediate effect was obvious, and shortly thereafter Nigel was pulling out two more and sticking those on too.

Adam frowned and made a mental note to check in the morning whether that was actually safe, though he was sure the amount of nicotine in those patches was substantially less than Nigel usually smoked in a day.

Finally Nigel settled again, going back to the bathroom and freshening up before returning to the bunk and pulling Adam close to him.

“This makes it fucking worth it,” Nigel murmured against Adam’s skin as he spooned up behind him, arms wrapped completely around him.

Adam smiled, already close to drifting back off to sleep in the warmth of Nigel’s arms.

“Maybe another thing you should quit,” Adam started with a yawn, “is swearing. They frown on casual profanities here.”

Nigel let out an amused huff.

“We’ll see gorgeous. But I make no fucking promises.”

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